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# HEROES


## CHAPTER 96 GOING POSTAL

A simple mailman named Echo DeMille has managed to keep his ability of sound manipulation a secret from others. Or has he? Shortly before his power was revealed to his girlfriend, Gina, he accidentally killed a Company agent. Now Echo has become the target of the Company's manhunt. And they will stop at nothing to get their way...





MY NAME IS **ECHO DEMILLE**. I'M A MAILMAN IN LOS ANGELES. OR, I **WAS**, UP UNTIL I DISCOVERED I COULD CREATE AND CONTROL **SOUND** IN ALL ITS FORMS.



MY GIRLFRIEND LIKES TO DANCE, SO INITIALLY SHE THOUGHT MY POWER WAS COOL. NOT ONLY COULD I MIMIC SONGS, BUT I COULD MAKE MY OWN MUSIC AS WELL.

I WAS CONVINCED MY DJ CAREER WAS FINALLY ABOUT TO TAKE OFF.

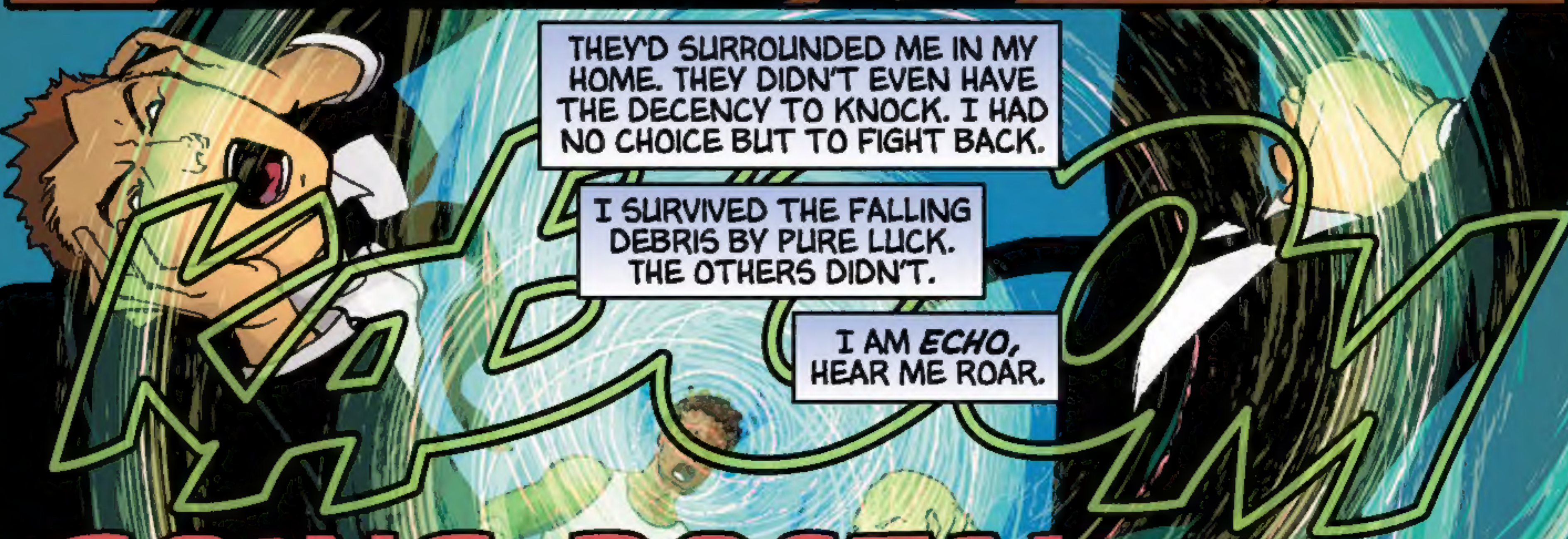


UNTIL I ACCIDENTALLY KILLED A MAN BY WHISPERING IN HIS EAR.

THAT DAY, I SWORE I'D NEVER KILL AGAIN.

I'VE BEEN RUNNING FOR MY LIFE EVER SINCE. AND TRYING TO GET BACK TO GINA, THE GIRL I LOVE.

I PROMISED HER WE'D BE TOGETHER. IT'S OUR DESTINY. RAIN OR SHINE, LOVE CONQUERS ALL.



THEY'D SURROUNDED ME IN MY HOME. THEY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE THE DECENCY TO KNOCK. I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO FIGHT BACK.

I SURVIVED THE FALLING DEBRIS BY PURE LUCK. THE OTHERS DIDN'T.

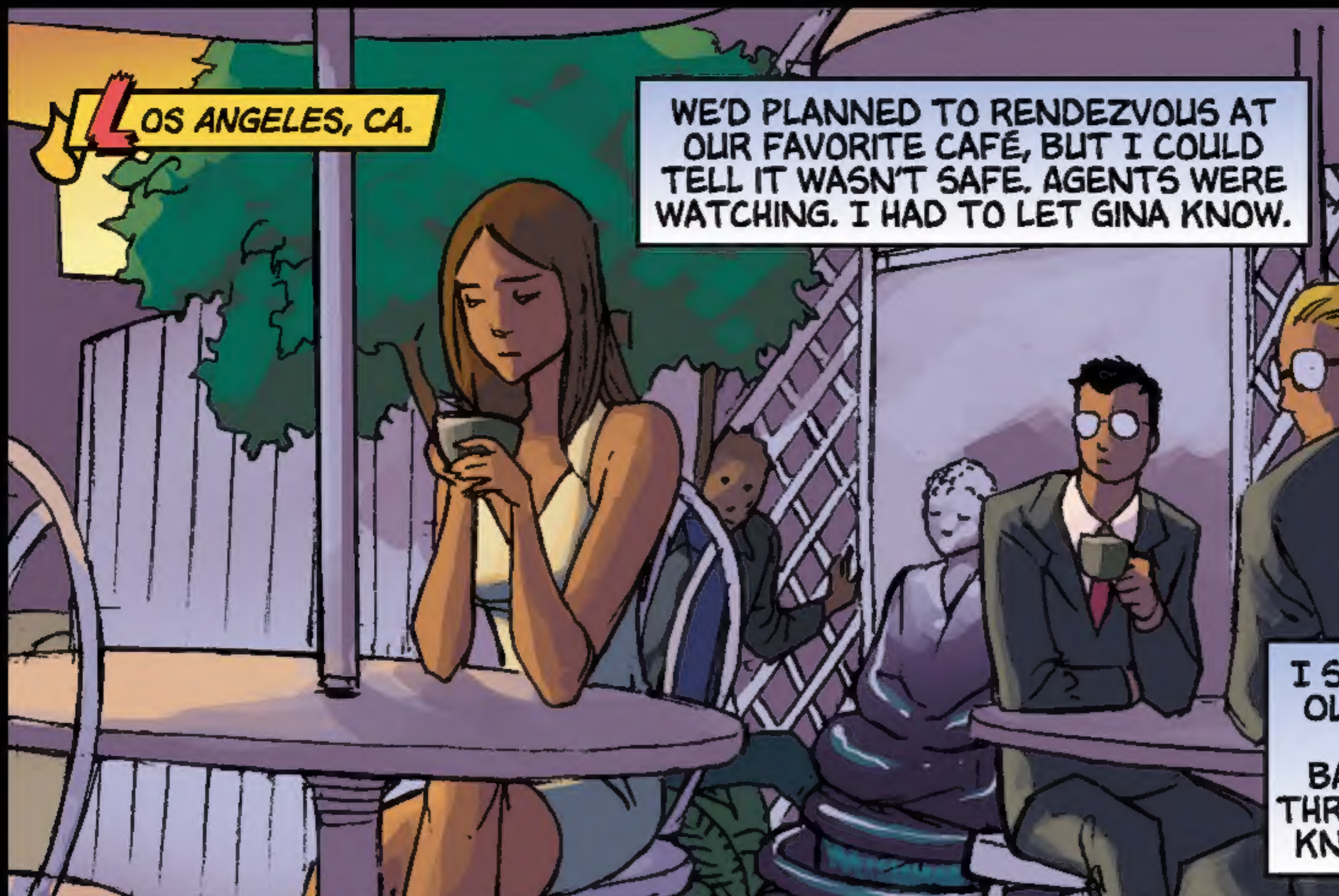
I AM **ECHO**, HEAR ME ROAR.

# GOING POSTAL

YULE CAISE MARCUS TO  
Story Pencils

MARK ROSLAN Digital Inks PETER STEIGERWALD Colors COMICRAFT Lettering An ASPEN M.L.T. Production





LOS ANGELES, CA.

WE'D PLANNED TO RENDEZVOUS AT OUR FAVORITE CAFÉ, BUT I COULD TELL IT WASN'T SAFE. AGENTS WERE WATCHING. I HAD TO LET GINA KNOW.



I SENT HER A MESSAGE. OUR PERSONAL THEME SONG FROM OUR BACKPACKING VOYAGE THROUGH THAILAND. SHE'D KNOW IT WAS FROM ME.



SOUND IS A POWERFUL TOOL, AND THE HUMAN BODY IS A DELICATE INSTRUMENT. I WANTED TO STRIKE BACK.

BEING A DJ, I'D OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT THE USE OF *INFRASONICS* -- SOUNDS TOO LOW TO BE HEARD BY THE HUMAN EAR.

I WAS INTERESTED IN THE INFAMOUS *BROWN NOTE* IN PARTICULAR. DID IT EXIST OR WAS IT JUST LEGEND?



I QUICKLY SETTLED ANY QUESTIONS AS TO ITS AUTHENTICITY.

IN MY EFFORTS TO AVOID SERIOUSLY HURTING ANYONE, I CHOSE TO LAY THEM TO WASTE INSTEAD. LITERALLY.



**L**AKE ARROWHEAD, CA.

I HAD MANAGED TO EVADE THEM FOR THIRTEEN WEEKS. I THOUGHT MAYBE I'D FINALLY SHAKEN THEM ONCE AND FOR ALL.

I WENT TO MY FAMILY'S CABIN, WHERE GINA AND I AGREED TO EVENTUALLY MEET UP. I DOUBTED SHE WOULD BE THERE, BUT I MISSED HER SOMETHING FIERCE AND I THOUGHT I'D TRY MY LUCK.

BUT THERE SHE WAS. BEAUTIFUL AS EVER.

I DECIDED TO PLAY IT SAFE AND REVEAL MYSELF AWAY FROM THE HOUSE, IN CASE THEY WERE WATCHING HER.

SEEING HER AGAIN FILLED ME WITH SUCH EMOTION, I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT BURST. NEVER HAD I FELT SUCH LOVE.

AND THEN...

WE KISSED.

BUT SOMETHING WASN'T RIGHT.

WHAT IS IT?

YOU'RE NOT GINA.





IT WAS A TRAP.



UGHHH.

OH MY GOD.

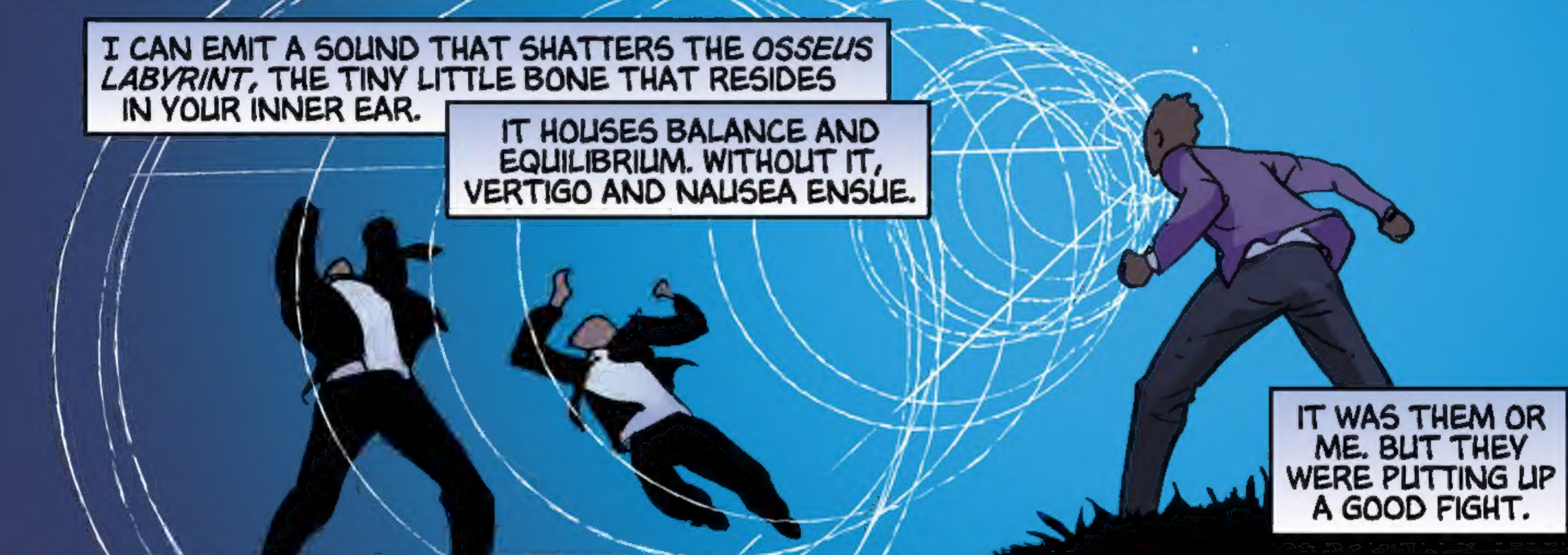


THEY WERE GONNA PAY!

MAILMAN. DJ. FUGITIVE. MY RESUME WAS QUICKLY EXPANDING.

I CAN EMIT A SOUND THAT SHATTERS THE OSSEUS LABYRINTH, THE TINY LITTLE BONE THAT RESIDES IN YOUR INNER EAR.

IT HOUSES BALANCE AND EQUILIBRIUM. WITHOUT IT, VERTIGO AND NAUSEA ENSUE.



IT WAS THEM OR ME. BUT THEY WERE PUTTING UP A GOOD FIGHT.

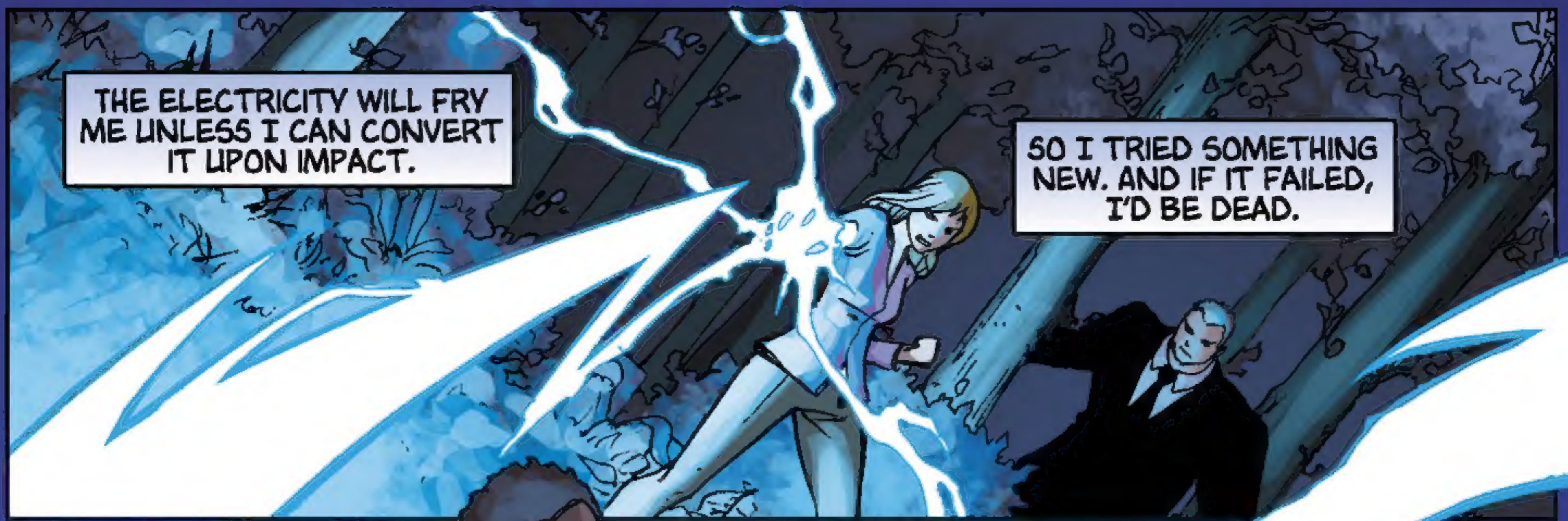


KRZAKK



THAT WOULD HURT.





THE ELECTRICITY WILL FRY ME UNLESS I CAN CONVERT IT UPON IMPACT.

SO I TRIED SOMETHING NEW. AND IF IT FAILED, I'D BE DEAD.



SINCE SOUND IS A FORM OF ENERGY, IT CAN BE CHANGED FROM ONE FORM TO ANOTHER.

BASICALLY I BECAME A HUMAN TELEPHONE, CONVERTING ELECTRICITY BACK TO SOUND AGAIN.



BUT ONE AGENT SEEMED UNAFFECTED BY MY POWERS. HIGH PITCHED. LOW PITCHED. CONCUSSIVE. NOTHING WORKED.



AND I WAS SEVERELY WEAKENED BY THE ENERGY CONVERSION.

**FEZZZZ!**







THERE HE IS. THE  
GUY WHO BROUGHT  
ME DOWN.



"YOU'RE PROBABLY  
WONDERING WHY I'M  
UNAFFECTED BY  
YOUR POWER."

"THEY RECRUITED ME  
ESPECIALLY TO HELP  
TAKE YOU DOWN."

"MY SPECIAL  
ABILITY. MY  
BODY ABSORBS  
ALL SOUND."

AN ABILITY THAT LEFT  
HIM PERMANENTLY DEAF.



MY NAME IS  
ECHO. I'M JUST  
A MAILMAN.

BUT WHEN I  
GET OUT OF  
HERE... I'M  
GOING POSTAL.

*The  
End*